

# CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,"  
"CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE," &c.

NUMBER 452.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1840.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

## "THE WORLD."

THERE is a great number of charges of old standing against the world, from which each accuser regularly excepts himself. For instance, it is a *very censorious world*. So you will find your friend Mrs Thompson calling it every day in her life, seeing that she is a widow upon whom many set eyes of watchfulness, lest some day she should steal unperceived into a second matrimonial engagement. Mrs Thompson does not recollect that she occasionally takes observations of the goings on of the Misses Smith, a band of young milliners, who live in a third floor opposite to her. Were you to call upon these same Misses Smith, you would probably find them also complaining that it is a censorious world—meaning that they feel themselves exposed to Mrs Thompson's observation, but altogether unconscious that they talk nothing but scandal for at least three hours every day. So also Mrs Thompson speaks of it as an *evil-thinking world*, the worst construction being put by it upon every thing that is not quite as clear as daylight. She means that she has heard of her attentions to Mrs Johnson, who has so many fine young sons, being misunderstood. She does not say anything of her having conjectured that her maid Sukey was keeping improper company, in consequence of seeing her walking one day with a young man, who proved to be her brother, a sailor newly returned from a long voyage.

The world is also a *cold and heartless world*. Every one becomes convinced of this, when, falling into a few trifling difficulties, he goes about making an endeavour to borrow a hundred pounds. Mr Peregrine Harmon was in these circumstances, and thought he had nothing more to do than to call on his friends Wilson and Jackson for the amount. But his friends had no money to spare. He forthwith declaimed against the heartlessness of the world, altogether forgetting that, when poor Robson applied to him last year for a like favour, he found himself unfortunately very low in account with his banker. So also, when Mr Abraham Sandy, merchant in Liverpool, failed in business, and applied to a few houses with which he used to be on very good terms, for renewed credit, he found himself rather coolly received, and his orders civilly declined. Remembering how friendly the partners in all those cases had once been, he began to talk of the heartlessness of the world, never once adverting to the fact that, not six months before, he had declined being a security for a credit to his own brother-in-law. Mr Sandy's daughters, finding he was unable to recommence business, very properly resolved to be no burden to him; but a year had not elapsed before they also began to talk of the coldness and heartlessness of the world, having found that, as family instructresses amongst strangers, they were not objects of so flattering a regard as they had been when they were thought to be young ladies of fortune, and dispensed the hospitalities of their father's elegant home. It quite escaped the recollection of these young ladies that, when an orphan cousin of theirs came a few years before to live with them, they had not been more than sufficiently kind to her, always taking care to let gentlemen know that she was only a person whom their father had been pleased to take into his house, because she had been left without a penny, and also taking specially good care that she never accompanied them to the balls at which they showed off amongst the gayest of the gay. Mr Sandy now lived in a poor lodging, where he was never visited by any of the friends who used to be delighted to wait upon him at his handsome villa two miles out of town. The world, he sighed to think, was but a summer friend.

All was well so long as he could give good entertainments. He was then a man of some account. It was a matter of pride to most to have it to say that they had been at his parties. But now where were all those swallow-like friends!—all gone! Alas, what is friendship! he thought—

"A shade that follows wealth and fame,  
But leaves the wretch to weep."

Mr Sandy did not remember that, after his friend Major Tomkins lost nearly all his Indian fortune by the failure of a Calcutta bank, and ceased to give dinners, he almost forgot that there was such a person in the world, although the major had oftener than once insinuated how happy he should be to see him and his daughters over a quiet game at whist.

The world is a *very deceitful world*. Mrs Higgins became deeply impressed with this idea, when she discovered that Miss Tims, who had come about her as a friend for several years, and seemed sincerely attached to her, made a practice of telling all her secrets and ridiculing her in every point. Mrs Higgins forgot that she had not a single friend about whose faults she did not speak quite candidly, on all occasions when they were not themselves present. *The world is also very envious*. Mr Dobson, of the Custom-house, found it so, when he ascended to the dignity of comptroller, forgetting that he had himself envied his predecessor in the office for the better part of twenty years. The same sentiment was deeply impressed on Mrs Dobson, when she heard that her new gown of gros-de-Naples had been spitefully spoken of by her old friend Mrs Pyne; Mrs Dobson being totally oblivious that, during the days of her humbler fortune, she had never seen a single dress of superior elegance at church, which she did not think would be far more suitable on herself than on the person who wore it. Amongst all the bad qualities, however, that attach to the world, in the eyes of all but the speakers, there is none so much spoken of as its *ingratitude*. This is one of the most notorious of its alleged failings. Instances are here out of the question. Ask any one if he ever finds any gratitude on earth, and he will answer in the negative, making only a mental exception in favour of himself, whom he believes to be wholly incapable of so black an offence as that of forgetting or wilfully overlooking a kind turn or benefaction from a neighbour.

There surely is some strange falsity at the bottom of these common forms of speech. It is not, of course, to be denied that censoriousness, evil thinking, deceitfulness, envy, and other such bad things, exist, and that to a considerable extent. It is also by no means uncommon to see reduced merchants sink in credit, and impoverished families cease to be so much courted as they were in the days of their prosperity. But the vices of censoriousness, deceitfulness, envy, &c., are faults which beset human nature in general; the impoverished decline into the condition of those who were always poor, by an irresistible tendency in our social system; and if there is not much gratitude in the world, may it not be owing to this—that when favours are conferred, there is usually an expectation of future deference, against which some principle common to all obliged parties hastens to rebel, and which is therefore never to be satisfied! Such faults, as far as they are faults, attach to all. Let almost any human being be in the circumstances proper for bringing them out, and out they will come. They are sentiments and acts liable to occur when human beings are in a certain relation to each other, and which no one can hope altogether to avoid. How strange, then, for any one person to speak of them as things attaching to all besides himself!

There are some other ways of talking of the world, which seem not quite free from similar absurdity. One often hears of its being difficult to "get on in the world." Now, the world is a common good, of which every person gets a share proportioned to his abilities, industry, the judgment he may have exercised in selecting a branch of employment, and the accidents of fortune to which he, like all other persons, is liable. If any individual, therefore, finds more than the usual difficulty, it must be from some inconsistency between these things and the extent of his wishes. He has had the same chance as the rest; his woes and weals, his fortunes and misfortunes, are exactly such as would have befallen any other person in precisely the same circumstances, and with precisely the same qualities as himself. He has therefore no right cause to find fault with the world, though it may be quite possible that, if he were carefully to inquire, he might find some in the history of his own actions with regard to circumstances, or his expectations and desires, as contrasted with what his abilities and fortune have brought to him. Again, it is not uncommon, when some instance of over-reaching is mentioned, to hear the remark, "Ay, it is the way of the world." There is here either a very loose observation of human nature, great prejudice, or an indifference to moral actions, for such things are only the way of a part of the world, and that but a small part, in most enlightened countries. Every one must have remarked how different minds consider the spirit of the world in various lights, according to the bent of their own nature. The ardent divine deems it a spirit indifferent to religion. The indifferent think it fanatical and bigoted. Morose and reserved persons consider it as given up to gaiety and frivolity. The gay are perpetually complaining that it is dull and stupid. The refined and unselfish think it sordid. No one of these suppositions is entirely true; they are only true in some part. They would never be affirmed as wholly true, were it not for certain habitual feelings in the minds of those who affirm them. The human mind is a cluster of various faculties, each of which seeks in the world for its appropriate gratification; and the employments of men are still more various than their faculties. Amidst such a bewildering variety of thoughts, desires, and actions, how can any one say that the spirit of the world is of any one special character whatever! Yet, attributing general characteristics to the world is a thing of daily occurrence. We lately read somewhere, that if Walter Scott had not had the ambition to be a great man "of the world's kind," he might have ended his life more happily. What can be the meaning of this! How could any one be what is called great, without having the praises of a pretty large section (at least) of the world. If it were said that the great novelist aimed too exclusively at being a man of wealth and title, the remark would be just, for such certainly was a fatal ambition in Scott. But if this is what is meant by being a great man after the world's fashion, we would deny the justice of the remark. The admiration or greatness which Scott acquired by literature was so much more than any he could gain by merely being a baronet and the owner of an estate, that the two are not worthy of being spoken of in the same day. For one that would have admired the greatness of a Roxburghshire country gentleman, there must have been thousands to admire the unprecedented novelist. We would therefore deny that it was the world's kind of greatness which he aimed at, but only that of a limited class in a limited district.

Upon the whole, there is extremely little rationality in sweeping charges, or depreciatory expressions,

respecting the world. Were the speaker a stamped supernatural, addressing others privileged like himself, it might be proper for him to comment in this way on the natural, for then we should suppose him to have a pedestal apart from the globe, and eyes gifted to see, and an understanding fitted to estimate, the errors of the poor creatures who crawl over it. But for one of these very creatures to stand up amidst the congregation of his equals, and pretend to affix characters upon them from which he presumes himself to be the only one who is exempt—every one present having as good a right to do so as himself—strikes us as a conceit of the most inordinate kind. It might be very amusingly burlesqued by supposing a single letter of the alphabet falling into a contempt for the rest—A, for instance, complaining of all besides himself as a set of censorious, hard-hearted, envious, or ungrateful wretches; B next complaining of A, C, D, &c.; then C complaining of A, B, D, E, &c.; so that, in the long run, all would have been complainers, and all complained against by the rest. Or we might suppose a jail-full of sheep-stealers, all equally guilty, where each in turn took another aside, and remarked, in a confidential whisper, that really it was a sad set of scamps they had fallen amongst. The absurdity is in the attempt to suppose two things, a judge and something to be judged, where in reality no judging power exists, but all are criminals alike. Surely nothing but the self-love which is at the bottom of this and so many other errors, could lead a human being into such a ridiculous position.

The position is perhaps not ridiculous only. A practice of thinking and speaking of the world external to ourselves as being in any way bad, must necessarily prevent us from seeing our own faults, and addressing ourselves to the all-important business of correcting them. It may also tend to engender and support a contempt of our fellow-creatures, than which there is scarcely any state of mind more opposed to true goodness. On the other hand, in candidly attributing such faults to human nature at large, and thus including ourselves, we may be presumed to be in the way of feeling our own fallibility and unworthiness, and, feeling it, to aspire after our improvement, at the same time that, conscious of our own liability to blame, we learn to touch gently and tenderly on the special faults of our neighbours.

#### POPULAR INFORMATION ON COMMERCIAL ECONOMY.

##### NATURE OF COMMERCE.

Man has been defined by some naturalists as an *exchanging animal*—an animal who buys and sells, that being a thing performed by no other living creature, and therefore suitable as a distinction in character, though others, much more exalted, might readily be found. The practice of exchanging one commodity for another is doubtless coeval with the first herding of mankind together. No man, even in the rudest savage state, and who lives in the society of neighbours, can rest satisfied with such objects as he can procure or fashion by his own labour. He must depend on others for assistance, while he assists them in return. The cultivator of the ground would exchange some of its produce for an animal from the flocks of his neighbour; and both would be glad to give a portion of their wealth for the clothing or weapons made by a third party. Thus, *exchanging* becomes a matter of convenience between two parties, each of whom is anxious to obtain a share of the other's goods for a share of his own, and a mutual advantage is the result. Such desires and practices must have been displayed in the very earliest stages of society. No nation of African or Indian savages is ever found without a strong inclination to exchange the rude products of their country for the articles possessed by the traveller; an ox or sheep being perhaps eagerly offered by them for a single needle, a nail, or a small toy looking-glass.

As mankind advance in their social condition, the practice of exchanging increases; the desires and necessities become more urgent; each person finds it more profitable and agreeable to adopt and hold by one fixed employment, and to sell the produce of his labour for a variety of articles made by others, than to attempt to make every thing for himself; and, finally, for the sake of convenience, a class of persons are engaged to conduct the exchanges from one hand to another. In this improved condition, the production of articles of general consumption is called *manufacturing*; while that department of industry in which the exchanging is transacted is called *trade* or *commerce*. For still further convenience, the business of exchanging is committed to several orders of traders—the wholesale merchants, who in the first instance purchase large quantities of goods from the producers; the retail dealers, who have been supplied in smaller quantities from the merchants, and sell individual articles or minute portions to the public; and to these sometimes an intermediate dealer is added. In this manner the transfer from the workshop of the manufacturer to the house of the actual consumer is interrupted by several distinct processes of exchange, in which each seller obtains a certain profit at the expense of the person who has ultimately to buy and use the article. It is a principle of trade, that the fewer hands through which any article is made to pass, the better for the consumer, because the article can be brought with the least burden of profits, or at the lowest price, into general use. But this principle, sound as it is in the

abstract, is counteracted by another which must on no account be lost sight of. This is the principle of *consentience*. A manufacturer engaged deeply in his own pursuits finds it more profitable and agreeable to sell his articles in large than small quantities. The maker of millions of yards of cloth has no time to spend in selling single yards. If he were compelled to sell by retail, he would have no time to conduct his affairs; he could manufacture only a small quantity, and, therefore, being limited in his amount of produce and sales, he must take larger profits. Thus, upon the whole, it is much better for all concerned to allow the manufacturer to pursue his own way in selling only very large quantities to wholesale merchants. To these traders the same rule may be applied. They seek out the seats of manufacture; and, purchasing a large variety of goods, they send them to the towns and places where they are required by the public, and there the articles can be had individually from a shop. It is evident that if any man wish to buy a handkerchief, he may procure it much more cheaply from any shop in which such things are sold at an advance upon the original cost, than if he were to travel perhaps hundreds of miles to the house of the manufacturer, and there make the purchase. The use of an intermediate class to conduct exchanges is thus very conspicuous; and any attempt to revert, generally, to the original practice of causing the maker to deal with the consumer, would be entirely incompatible with an enlarged system of trade between different countries, or even between different places in the same country. We say generally, because there are instances in which makers may, with advantage to themselves and the community, sell their produce in small quantities or single articles to the public; but these are exceptions to a common rule.

*Consentience*, it is evident, forms a guiding principle of trade, and requires the same consideration as the actual value of an article. This, however, has been recognised only in very recent times. At one period there were laws to prevent farmers from selling their grain in a large quantity or by the lump, without exposing it in an open market. Such laws were manifestly unjust. They interfered with the liberty of the farmer, who in his capacity of manufacturer had surely a right to sell his produce in whichever way he felt it to be most for his advantage. It would be the same kind of injustice, if the law were to prevent a manufacturer of handkerchiefs from selling them at his own workshop to wholesale dealers, and causing him to take them many miles to a certain street in a certain town, and there expose them for sale in small lots to the public. It is of the greatest importance in matters of trade and commerce never to interfere in any shape to prevent men from dealing in whatever manner appears most beneficial and convenient to themselves, provided it be conformable with strict justice. By being left to consult their own inclinations, the public in the end, though probably in a way not easily recognisable by an unreflecting mind, reaps the advantage.

Commerce, by which we comprehend traffic carried on at home or with foreign countries, is of great antiquity, and, both in the earliest times and in our own day, has been one of the principal engines of civilisation. Among the industrious nations which at a remote period of history were planted on the borders of the Mediterranean Sea, it became a means of spreading knowledge in the interior of Asia, and many parts of Africa, and Europe. Unfortunately, the intelligence which was so disseminated was afterwards obliterated by the overruling powers of barbarous and warlike nations; but the efficacy of commerce in modern times is likely to be permanent wherever its influence is extended, seeing that the greatest manufacturing and mercantile people are at the same time the most powerful and most capable of offering protection to those who sustain a commercial intercourse with them. It is exceedingly pleasing thus to reflect on what commerce is capable of effecting, independent of the actual comfort which it produces, wherever it is fairly introduced. By its appeals to the selfishness, the vanity, and other passions, good and bad, of mankind, it appears to be the best of all forerunners to the efforts of the schoolmaster and the missionary. Its influence in this respect has been remarkably exemplified in the boundless regions of Hindostan, which, by the efforts of a company of merchants, have been laid open to the settlement of enlightened men from Europe, who, though by slow degrees, will ultimately spread the blessings of education, and the decencies of social life, among many millions of human beings. In the remote islands in the Pacific Ocean, the influence of commerce has been recently of marked utility. The introduction of articles of a fanciful nature, both for the ornamenting and covering of the person, has induced a desire of following European manners and customs; and as these commodities cannot be procured but by the exchange of native commodities, a spirit of industry has consequently been produced, which cannot fail to be of both moral and physical advantage to the natives. It is always thus with the intercourse which commerce necessarily involves. New tastes are created, and to be gratified, industry must be exerted. But to witness the extraordinary influence of commerce in producing civilised and refined habits, we need not look beyond our own country. Commerce, in this its chosen seat, has caused roads every where to be cut, canals to be opened, railways to be formed, expeditious modes of travelling by sea and land to be effected; all of which great accessories to our comfort have tended in the most wonderful manner to introduce not only useful commodities and

personal luxuries, but highly cultivated sentiments, literature, and the arts, into districts which at no distant period lay in a comparatively primitive condition. The intercourse which commerce in this manner requires, is the grand lever which, it is apparent, must in the first place be employed to lift the load of ignorance from off the natives of Africa; and when this lever is properly insinuated, the way will soon be prepared for the introduction of those measures of melioration which philanthropists so anxiously design.

It is obvious that this scheme of mutual interchange among nations of the commodities which they respectively produce, is agreeable to every rational principle, and must have been designed by a wise Providence for the universal benefit of his creatures. In order that manufactures may be produced, and commerce brought in to disseminate them both at home and abroad where they are wanted, no species of legislative enactment is requisite either to encourage or direct. The law which governs production and consumption is a law of nature—it is the overruling principle of *self-interest*, by which only that quantity of manufactures is produced which can be advantageously disposed of, and only those commodities purchased and consumed which the wants of individuals require. And it is very certain that this principle of self-interest, if allowed free scope, is uniformly and sufficiently competent to regulate both the production and consumption of commodities, to a degree more nice and satisfactory than could be attained by the best-devised statutes which the wisest legislators could enact. The grand principle, therefore, which can alone regulate commerce and manufactures, is found in the natural passion for gain; and the sole essential requisite for the successful advancement of mercantile and manufacturing industry and wealth among the people, is for the people to be let alone.

Evident as these principles must be to all who have any knowledge of social life, they have, either from ignorance or some other cause, been generally lost sight of. To such an extent have regulating and restrictive laws been carried in some countries, that they have nearly annihilated both manufactures and legitimate commerce, and in all cases they greatly impede them. It is, for instance, customary to impose duties on goods imported from foreign countries, with the view of protecting the manufacturers of such articles in the country to which they are brought; but this only benefits a class, or a few persons, at the expense of the whole community. Let us suppose a case. There is a country called A, in which shoes may be bought for five shillings a pair, and another country called B, in which they cost ten shillings a pair. The people of B would in this case be glad to buy their shoes for five shillings a pair from the shoemakers of A, but the shoemakers of B interfere, and say—"No, you shall continue to buy our shoes at ten shillings a pair, and no others;" and to make sure, they get a protective law passed, by which all shoes coming from A to B shall be loaded with five shillings a pair of duty. After this, the people of B give themselves no trouble to import shoes from A; they go on paying double the value for all the shoes they wear, and all to please the small set of persons who are engaged in the trade. By being thus stripped of five shillings in the acquisition of every pair of shoes, the purchaser, it will be observed, is in reality deprived of a large share of his earnings, and is thereby prevented from buying many other things that he requires for himself and family. It is quite possible, that the shoemakers of B will argue in justification of the monopoly, that they themselves are compelled to pay high duties on all the articles they consume, and that therefore they require protection. But this is only pleading the existence of error as an excuse for committing another error. The crime by being universal is not the less a crime—it is a crime perpetrated against those laws of nature which have from the beginning designed that each country should produce in perfection, or in the best manner, certain articles, and that, by means of an unrestricted process of industry and exchange, these articles should be universally enjoyed.

Such is the character of restrictions on free trade, when placed in a moral and social point of view; but in a public point of view they will be found not less important.

It is argued by a shallow set of reasoners, that if a country allows free importation, without stipulating for a corresponding exportation, the said importing country will speedily be ruined by the loss of all its money. But this is a most unsound argument, for if payments in money be made, exports must also be made in order to get the money; in other words, there will necessarily be a preliminary trade in getting money to send away. "There is (observes Mr McCulloch) no jugglery in commerce: Whether it be carried on between individuals of the same country, or of different countries, it is in all cases bottomed on a fair principle of reciprocity. Those who will not buy need not expect to sell, and conversely. It is impossible to export without making a corresponding importation. We get nothing from the foreigner gratuitously; and hence, when we prevent the importation of produce from abroad, we prevent, by the very same act, the exportation of an equal amount of British produce. All that the exclusion of foreign commodities ever effects, is the substitution of one sort of demand for another. It has been said, that 'when we drink beer and porter we consume the produce of English industry, whereas, when we drink port or claret we consume the produce of the industry of the Portuguese and French, to the obvious advantage of the latter, and the prejudice of our countrymen!' But how paradoxical soever the as-



section may at first sight appear, there is not at bottom any real distinction between the two cases. What is it that induces foreigners to supply us with port and claret? The answer is obvious:—We either send directly to Portugal and France an equivalent in British produce, or we send such equivalent, in the first place, to South America for bullion, and then send that bullion to the Continent to pay for the wine. And hence it is as clear as the sun at noonday, that the Englishman who drinks only French wine, who eats only bread made of Polish wheat, and who wears only Saxon cloth, gives, by occasioning the exportation of a corresponding amount of British cotton, hardware, leather, or other produce, the same encouragement to the industry of his countrymen, that he would were he to consume nothing not immediately produced at home. A quantity of port-wine and a quantity of Birmingham goods are respectively of the same value; so that, whether we directly consume the hardware, or having exchanged it for the wine, consume the latter, in so far as the employment of British labour is concerned, it is altogether indifferent."

From these explanations, it will be observed that it is immaterial what is given in exchange for imported goods—whether money or native produce. At the same time, it must be understood that if money is given, there must exist some active industry in the country by which the money is realised. As a general question in commerce, it is of no consequence what is the nature of the industry by which the money is produced. It may consist in the raising of superabundant crops, or other raw produce for exportation, or of manufacturing raw and comparatively valueless materials into articles of value and demand, or of carrying goods from one country to another. Unless a country possess one or more of these branches of industry, it is without the means of paying for imported articles, and must retire from the field of general commerce. England is not of sufficiently large dimensions to export superabundant crops of grain, but it possesses in an extraordinary degree the means of manufacturing mineral and other substances into articles for exchange, and it derives no inconsiderable profit from the carrying of commodities. Its manufactured goods, therefore, pay for imports of foreign articles, including bullion or the raw material of money, and these again, in a manufactured state, are a fund for the payment of still further imports. Thus the wealth of our country has increased.

#### THE MAN ON THE MAST.

[We extract the following interesting narrative (abridged) from the Dublin University Magazine, a periodical of rising celebrity.]

THE little fishing village of — is placed on a flat neck of land, which unites a small rocky promontory with the sandy district of Fingal, and forms the point of junction of two sweeping bays that take a long curve inwards at both sides, leaving it standing far into the sea, so as to present from the distant heights the appearance of being built upon, or rather in, the water. On this rocky promontory, a small ruined chapel stands, bleak and unsheltered, to buffet as it may the force of the waves, which are occasionally swept, in long white lines of spray, completely over the roofless walls into the streets of the hamlet behind it. On the northern shore of the promontory, a small and rude pier has been constructed, and forms a narrow and imperfect shelter for the few wherries, by the assistance of which the village contrives to exist, and pay the landlord for the use of the patch of barren land on which it stands.

One autumn afternoon, in the year —, three figures were observed standing in front of one of these habitations, against which two of them leaned, whilst the third stood a little in advance, and, with his hand over his eyes, seemed to be intently gazing in the direction of the seaward horizon. To a person less skilled in the prognostics of change of wind or weather, than the hardy race of deep-sea fishermen on the coast of Ireland, it would have been difficult to account for the evident marks of anxiety which could be discerned on the countenances of all three, imparting a thoughtful cast to those of the two elder and more retired of the party, and exhibiting itself in the most lively manner in the attitude and expression of the third, as he alternately swept the distant sea-line with his eye, and threw it up for an instant, nearly closed, to the sky.

"They'll be late, some of them, I'm afraid, after all," said the youngest of the party, turning to his companions, after a long and intent gaze to the eastward. "As for that cockle-shell, the Kittywake, with the young gentlemen in her, it's well she's so near in shore, or she'd have but a bad look-out of it. Three of us have her in sight, and are making for home; but the rest had better keep their offing, and seek to weather it out as they are for to-night."

"Ay, Jack, if they let the daylight go, they have no business in shore. It will be a dark night as well as a breezy one; and should they miss the harbour, and the abb set in, it's all over with them, I'm afraid."

"Two more of them yonder to the north-east I see crowding up," said the third of the party, "and one of them's Bucker Bryan's boat, I'll warrant. I think I can tell the schooner-rig even with my old eyes. He's sure to run for it if he doubts the weather."

"But I say, Rooney, what's she just loomed out

from behind the island yonder, nor'ward of the Coffin Rocks? Picking for the water-dogs, I suspect, from the cut of her jib. She's right to keep to windward now, any how, and let them have a sleep; she might land more than her cargo before morning if she were half a league closer in. I've some doubts of her, too, even where she is; she's deep in the water, and, now I look again, she's running a point or two too much to the westward, to have any one on board who knows much about the Chapel-head."

The signs of coming tempest were now too apparent to be mistaken. The wind, which had been blowing at first lightly from the westward, and then had lulled altogether, had within the last hour chopped about to the north-east, and continued every moment to gain in force, as was evidenced by the small, white foam with which every wave was tipped as it rolled shoreward, and the deeper swing and strain of the boats riding in the little harbour. The day had been cloudless; but as the sun approached the west, the eastern quarter of the heavens had become heavy with a lurid haze, which rose like an exhalation out of the waters, and stretched itself gradually onwards towards the land, tinging the sea with a dull brown, and leaving only one narrow rim of light running along the line of its distance, in which, as if touched by a pale gleam of sunshine, were discernible the far-off sails of some of the fishing-boats, whose return was so anxiously looked for by the three mariners on shore.

At last, something seemed to flit past so lightly and rapidly, that it might have been taken for a sea-bird's wing in the gathering gloom. In another instant, a gig of the lightest and most fragile build, had shot to the westward of all the other boats, under a small lug-sail, which was lowered in an instant, and was already aground on the foamy swell of the back-water at the bottom of the harbour. The next moment four persons—her whole crew—had jumped out of her into the water, and taking her under the bows, had run the frail bark high and dry upon the sand. A merry cheer announced the landing accomplished, and the figures began slowly to ascend the beach towards the miller.

The youngest of the three fishermen descended to the beach at a signal from one of the party, and took charge of the boat. The mansteer was dressed in loose white shirts and trousers, with a small black handkerchief hanging round their necks. Their whole air was that of joyous excitement, and as the gale swept the long hair from their brows, and heightened the colour on their sunburnt cheeks, it was hard to say whether the recollection or the expectation of pleasure was predominant in the expression of their countenances. They had invigorated their bodies with manly exercise—got through difficulty and danger with success, and were now within reach of a hospitable house, where good cheer and smiling faces awaited them, and where the exertions of the day would serve only to give a tonic for conversation, and a zest to the banquet. Alas! how different the lot of many a hardy youth who surmounted the same peril, with the same relish for enjoyment.

We will follow the party which had just landed to the neighbouring hall, where they had been anxiously looked for by sundry portly-looking pomegranates, with rubicund faces, and snow-white waistcoats spread over the torrid zone of their stomachs. Dinner had been detained till the youths should arrive, and dinner was the object which always engrossed these worthy gentlemen's thoughts about this hour, to the exclusion of everything else.

[While engaged in the festivities of the dining-hall, one of the party, a young physician, was called suddenly away, and, following him, we arrive at a very different scene.]

The night was fearfully tempestuous, and pitchy dark; the rain swept down in torrents, and our poor Eschapius drew a hard breath between his teeth, and shuddered to his toes, as, wrapped in a muffler and drench-drought coat, he found himself in the open air, hurrying forward, led by a strange man, and totally unable to see anything but the false glare of light which emanated at the back of his eyes after their long gaze at the dining-room fire. It was not until he had ascertained that all his mufflers were adjusted, and his coat-collar brought as near his hat as was consistent with leaving any of his face out, that he thought of asking the particulars relative to the nature of the call upon him beyond the "Where is it?" of the first moment. The answer to his query was gruff enough.

"Only some bodies cast ashore; we don't know from what ship, and one of them, the officer says, has a bit of life in it yet. A decent looking woman, too, and young enough to be worth saving."

The doctor hurried on, stumbling and splashing at every step. Their way lay at first through the avenue of the domestic; but, on passing the gate, the guide, who was a fisherman of the neighbourhood, and in his capacity of smuggler—a profession very commonly found united to the former—knew the by-ways at least as well as the high-ways, struck into the fields; and, as the disciple of Galen began to regain his sight, he could just distinguish that his course was directed towards that side of the promontory of the Chapel-head which lay farthest from the village of —.

[At length, arriving upon the shore, the doctor was ushered into the midst of a party of the coast-guard, commanded by an officer.]

"Ah, doctor! a little too late, I fear. I knew these young fellows would have you up at — house, so I got a hand to go for you—with some difficulty, I assure you. My own men I could not send off duty, and the rest, you see, expect to come in for share of what's going; and, I believe, they'd suffer their grandmother to drown by inches, ere they'd allow a bale of goods thrown up by one wave to be swallowed by the next, without a scramble for it. They've landed their cargo from some vessel sooner than they expected, poor devils; and here we are collected to take charge of it, without their leave. All

drowned, I fear, doctor. A body or two already ashore. One woman is up there at the lime-kill, and you shall have a look at her, for I think there's a spark left."

So saying, he gave his load into the hands of his men, and strode on before the physician, towards the building which the latter had seen, and which proved to be another of the deserted lime-kilns frequent in the neighbourhood, and which was not more than a score of yards off the spot he had reached.

"Come, my lady," exclaimed the officer, as he entered among them; "make room for the doctor. He's in for the inquest at all events. Make way, and fetch over a light."

In an instant the physician was on his knees beside a sort of litter made of coats, while a man held over his head a brand taken up from the fire, and which, as it flickered and flashed, showed the apparently lifeless form of a woman. Some of her dripping clothes had been removed; coats, &c., had been wrapped round her; she had been chafed, and a drop or two of spirits applied to her lips, but hitherto with no effect.

"She must be removed at once to a house," said the physician, after examining her attentively for a few moments. "Nothing can be done till that is accomplished;" and he rose from his knees.

"We cannot leave our duty, sir," they replied; "and there is no one else here but this fisherman. The folks below have something else to think of, and the nearest cabin is half a mile off, at the least."

"Well, this man and I can take her there between us. It is the only chance for her life."

He set at once about devising a convenient way of removing her as possible. The promise of a reward out of his own pocket bought the services of the greedy peasant; and they were, in a short time, once again travelling in company, though with a cumbersome addition to their party. Hard they worked that night, the volunteer and the mercenary, bearing their senseless burden through the swampy fields, and over the slippery fences in the storm; and late it was when their loud knocking at the door roused the peasant and his family from their labour-rocked slumbers.

It is needless to detail the alarm at first; the surprise, and then the ardent compassion of these poor cottagers. By those who know the superstitious timidity, and the boundless hospitality of the lower classes of the Irish, the succession of these feelings is understood at once; to those who do not, a description sufficiently concise for the present purpose would scarcely be superfluous.

The body, as it may be called, was deposited on the only bed, warm from the occupation of the family; the few turf ashes were blown up, and replenished with fresh fuel, and all the additional bedding of the house (scanty enough, to be sure) collected and heaped to envelope the limbs of the stranger. The poor woman herself, with that peculiar alertness and shrewdness of management commonly met with amongst the peasantry of that secluded and primitive district, set herself to strip the clinging habiliments from the cold and senseless form on the bed, and to chafe and dry it ere she re-involved it in the coarse but well-sired garments she had collected for the purpose. Life not being extinct, these efforts, under the judicious superintendence of the physician, produced at last their effect, and it was with real pleasure he saw the lids unclose from the eyes of an interesting looking female, apparently under the middle age, and in appearance somewhat above the common class. [By the use of proper remedies, this unfortunate being continued gradually to recover strength and consciousness.]

In the morning, meantime, a considerable assemblage of persons had been collected on the shore, consisting (besides the coast-guard) principally of the country people, although two or three of the nearest gentry, to whose ears tidings of the wreck had already reached, were of the number. The morning was clear and bright; the sun was fast ascending towards the horizon; but the weight of the north-easter was still rushing in, might and main, marking the surface of the water with white foam, and throwing the breakers upon the shore with tremendous fury.

Farther still, and just beyond the curl of the shoaling water, it was evident a vessel had sunk in the night, for there were two masts, by this time perfectly discernible, standing up almost perpendicularly, hunched about as far as the tops, as they are technically termed; that is, the broad framework which affords footing at the junction of the mast and top-mast. Of these, the foretop, being lower than the other, were rather below the level of the sea, but the main-top were above it, and on these the outlines of four human figures could be seen with tolerable distinctness by a spectator on the beach, standing out against the moving sky, although so little raised above the water as to be partially immersed by every wave as it swept past.

As soon as ever this had been ascertained by those on land, there had been a cry for a boat. The three sailors already mentioned were the first to volunteer their services; and it was with a view to completing their crew that two of them had gone to Lynch's cabin, while the third went northward across a neck of land to the little pier of —, close to which their yawl lay high and dry. The greater part of the gazers from the top of the cliff had followed in the direction of the projected launch; but the officer of the coast-guard, an experienced seaman, remained with his men at their original station, occasionally raising his glass to his eye, and taking a narrow survey of the mast and those clinging to it; but when spoken to about the boat, and the chance of getting them off, he only shook his head, and looked up anxiously to windward, without saying a word.

He had just shut up his glass, and slung it once more in its leathern case behind him, when the unhappy creature he had assisted to save the night before, came running wildly up, her hair floating behind her, her face ashy pale, and all the intenses of fearful inquiry in its expression. Breathless and agitated, she could not at first say a word, but looked frenziedly back and forward along the horizon, the rapidity of her gaze preventing her from catching the object she was in search of. At last she



gained utterance, and cried, "Oh, sir; where are they? Where are they? Show me them, for God's sake! Oh, show me them!" and she clasped her hands before him.

"Look over that black rock there, about a quarter of a mile off shore, and you'll see the masts. I doubt whether you can make out what's on them, though."

She shaded her eyes with her hand, and ran her glance more slowly in the direction pointed out, and at length screamed, "Yes, yes, that's our ship; there she is, and people on the mast. Oh, who are they? For God's sake tell me, sir, is he there?"

"Don't know, ma'am, indeed. Can't well see yet who's there. Besides, I don't know the person you speak of that I'm aware of. Not likely he and I should be acquainted."

"Oh! look, look, sir! take the glass, or give it me. He's tall, sunburnt, with blue jacket. Oh, you can't mistake him!"

"Here, my lads," said the officer to his men, "unstrap this spy-glass and hand it to me."

They unbuckled it from the back of their superior, where it had been slung; and when he had received it at their hands, he commenced leisurely to place it at its focus, while the poor woman continued to watch him with agonised impatience.

"Oh, look! for the love of heaven, sir, look, and tell me what you see!"

"Why, ma'am, as well as I can see, there are four men holding on, and a boy, I think, besides, on the other mast; but of this I can't be altogether certain, for the sea washes over him, and it's only now and then I catch a glimpse of him. By George, there's one of the men off! Ha!" he continued, looking through his glass. "I caught him that moment on the top of a wave. He is close to the other mast. No doubt he will make for it, if he has strength, now that he has been swept off the mainmast; but he will hardly have so good a berth of it there, I expect, as the tops are below water. He's at it, by Jove—no, gone again; and the boy's off, too. My God, they'll not hold out much longer, any of them!"

"Oh, don't say so!" cried the woman. "What are the men on the mast like? Look, sir, look, and tell me, I beseech of you! What colour is their dress?"

"They're not down yet, though," continued the officer, without heeding her, and still looking. "There they were both together on a wave that time—a strong fellow that, to stand against such a sea—by Jove, he has hold of the boy; and, as I'm a living man, it was to save him he quitted the mainmast; and there he is now swimming back to it! Now that there's more light, I can see that he's a stout young fellow, and the biggest of them all!"

"That's he, that's he, I knew it!" she exclaimed, bursting into tears; "my generous, noble Henry; who is there to save him? who will go out to him? Oh, sir, is there no boat here? I'll go out myself with any one!" and the distracted woman caught the arms of the officer.

"Why, ma'am, they're gone off already to launch one for trying the thing; but I've my doubts if they'll get through the surf—however, they'll try."

[One of the fishermen's boats was launched, and manned by four intrepid men, but on approaching the bar off the promontory, it was seized by a dreadful wave and dashed in pieces, the men barely escaping with their lives.]

This event, discouraging in itself, was fraught with fearful consequences to others. Five human beings there were—alone in the midst of the winds and waves, and unconscious of what had been attempted—whose only earthly chance for deliverance seemed cut off for ever by that accident.

At the lime-kiln, the chief officer of the coast-guard was joined in the meantime by several individuals, whose curiosity had got the better of their chilliness.

As the tide rose, each hour saw the mast lightened of its human burden. One soul more was swept into eternity—body after body was washed ashore, and the wretched creature, who had returned to the cliff, and now watched them drifted successively in, was still satisfied that each, though well known, was not that of her beloved. The day, as it advanced, enabled her to see him distinctly—to mark his effort to preserve himself and his companions—his lashing the boy to the mast by a piece of loose rope, suspended to which, however, he expired early—his apparent sufferings from cold—his anxious and imploring looks towards the shore, and more than once the tokens of his supplications in the lifting of his hands to heaven. Much of this she could see herself from the station she had resumed at the lime-kiln, and much of it she gained by report from the officer, whose glass seemed the interpreter of her destinies.

She had not long been placed thus, when a dog, of the French poodle breed, was seen struggling up the steep cliff, occasionally stopping to shake the water from its long curly hair; and as soon as it had reached the top, it ran directly to where the woman was sitting, and began to jump upon her with the most extravagant marks of delight. She sprang up, seized the little animal in her arms, and covered it with caresses, and at length burst into an agony of tears. It had evidently called her mistress, and had probably floated ashore on some piece of the wreck without being observed by the persons on shore, and now rejoiced one of its owners with its safety. But the force of instinct told the animal that in its rejoicing it had a duty to perform; and no sooner did its mistress put it down from her arms, than it began to jump round her, to pull at her dress, to run to the brink of the cliff and look out to sea, and then run back with a greater show of eagerness, and go through the same energetic dumb-show again.

She had watched the struggles and agony of the shipwrecked man himself, and retained some possession of herself in the midst of her despair; but this was too much for her. She rushed frantically towards the precipitous pathway which led to the beach, and would in all probability have hurried down and plunged into the breakers in her frenzy, had she not been held off by the bystanders and forced back to her old place, and the dog secured in the hands of one of the coast-guard.

Before mid-day, but one human being remained on the

mast; and that was he to whom her existence clung. He appeared nearly worn out, the rising tide immersed him still more frequently and fearfully beneath the waves, and it was plain to see that he could not hold out much longer.

[The young gentlemen from — house, unknown to their friends, now pushed off in their small boat from the pier, in the direction of the mast.]

A shout, lengthened and renewed, showed that the common people were ready to do justice to the generous heroism of their superiors. Who, indeed, could withhold at such a moment his tribute of heartfelt admiration at the conduct of those noble young spirits, who, when the stoutest heart quailed, and the strongest boat was deemed insufficient, had manned their slight and fragile craft, and braved in her the fate which the more experienced fishermen had so nearly met in the morning! They had succeeded, moreover, for the great danger was passed, the bar having been surmounted before they came into view, and they had now only the long swell of the deep sea to encounter. There they were, the four slender forms straining steadily and gracefully over their oars, their white shirts bright in the sun, while the youngest of the three sailors of the preceding evening, although one of those who had so narrowly escaped in the morning, sat in her stern. They had drawn off from the crowd, it was supposed, according to a preconcerted arrangement, as soon as ever the officer's opinion had been pronounced, and had hastened unperceived away to launch their boat out of reach of the officious interference of the multitude.

The only question now was, whether the solitary being on the mast had strength to hold out till they should arrive there; and it was a fearful interest that was now experienced by the whole assembly of spectators, as they saw the straining of the crew in the distance, and observed at the same time that the poor man was growing weaker and weaker, and, besides, did not see the succour that was so near him.

The distance of the Kitty-wake from the spectators was at first too great to allow of much more being distinguished than that it was she, and that she was manned in the manner described. The steersman showed his judgment by keeping well out to sea, and as close as possible to the wind, so that they might not only ride drier and easier, but be able to drop down alongside of the mast, rather than have to strain up to it. In this way they would find it easier to render assistance to the man upon it, and be themselves less exhausted in any exertion they would have to make in doing so. The object of their endeavours was every moment in a more critical situation. The gradual rising of the tide, and, as was supposed, the settling down of the vessel, had brought the sea up so as to cover the secure footing in the tops entirely, and he was now forced to depend for his whole support upon the rope which still adhered to the top-mast, and even so, every wave which happened to rise above the rest, swept over his head. As each subsided, the eyes of the people on shore confidently looked to see the mast relieved from the grasp that clung to it, and yet there still hung the powerful seaman, almost lifeless, and yet clinging instinctively, as it were, to his only hope.

To paint the emotions of one being on shore, would be a weak and presumptuous attempt. The powers of language are far too limited to venture on a description of feelings, the intensity of which can only be measured by the depth of woman's heart. No—the one heart which could have told its own tale is now still—and let it not be supposed that passion can be represented in the colours of the imagination.

Meantime, the little skiff, which had pushed boldly out to seaward, had now stretched sufficiently far to effect her object, and accordingly she began to let herself drop down in the direction of the mast, and at the same time the crew gave a hearty cheer, which had the intended effect, by making the sufferer aware that help was at hand. He was distinctly seen to raise up his head, and look round in the direction of the sound. He saw his preservers within a couple of hundred yards of him!

"Yes!" cried the agonised woman, "he sees them! Look, there he attempts to wave his hand over his head! God of mercy! will he hold out? He has fallen away again, and—there—another wave has washed over him! Strain, strain for your lives, generous young men!—his life, our lives, depend on you!"

The interest of the assemblage was at the highest pitch. Loud exclamations, oaths, cheers, were to be heard on all sides—the excitement was intense. Even the chief officer was restless, and the good owner of — house paced up and down in a frenzy between nervousness for his sons' peril and pride at their heroism.

They are within a few boats' length. The crowd, from the extreme of clamour and confusion, become gradually stiller and more still. As they come up, every breath is held, for a few seconds will decide his fate. The woman stands like a statue—not a word escapes her—she looks straight upon him, her eyes fixed, her hands clasped before her. They drop a little on one side of the sunken vessel, making motions to the man to hold his place, and have just brought the boat up again so as to approach by her leeward side, for the purpose of grappling the mast, when a wave, more tremendous than the rest, rolled clean over the top of it, sweeping back the boat some yards; and when it receded, and allowed those on shore to see the mast once more, he was gone!

A cry of horror burst from the crowd. The woman alone continued silent and immovable. Another moment, and the cry was changed into a shout of exultation! The bow oarsman had seized the perishing wretch by the hair, as he was swept by, and dragged him safely into the boat.

"Hurra! hurra!" shouted a thousand voices. Mr —, of — house, actually jumped into the air, and the officer waved his telescope over his head.

"Safe—safe!" weakly sighed the poor woman, as she sank down upon the bank, and closed her eyes.

In a short time the throng was collected upon the harbour beach again, ready to receive the triumphant

adventurers, at the same place they had landed the evening before; and among them was the happy woman, now trembling with weakness and agitation. She sobbed and cried hysterically, and turned a deaf ear to the soothing expostulations of the physician, who was not a little alarmed at the sudden and violent reaction which had taken place. She screamed with impatience, and cried wildly to the crew to hasten to shore with the hope of her heart. They neared the land, and were hailed by shouts and cheers from all sides, to which, however, they made no reply. The rescued man was in the bow of the boat, doubtless dreadfully exhausted—one of the oars was shipped, and the oarsman stooped over him as he lay.

A few strokes more, and her keel was on the ground! The transported woman rushed into the water, and bent over the gunwale. Her lover lay at the bottom of the boat—dead!

## OCCASIONAL NOTES.

### LADIES' DRESS.

ONLY a few out of the great number of ladies one chances to see in the street, seem to dress with any regard to a correct standard of taste. First, as to the colours of their attire, they appear to have no idea of a harmony or agreeable assemblage of tints. You will observe a lady, for example, dressed in a blue silk bonnet garnished with a red flower, a scarlet shawl daubed with green spots, and gown of some neutral tint, but marked strongly with pink and purple streaks. The object in dressing in this guise, would seem to be the bringing together as many glaring colours as possible—a bit of blue, red, green, yellow, pink, orange, or any thing else which will make a dash and look pretty. Pretty is the only standard; a pretty bonnet, a pretty shawl, a pretty gown, &c.; let it be only pretty, and that is quite enough. Thus, when things are bought separately, although each may look tolerably well by itself, the whole will probably make up a most fantastic assemblage of colours, and really render the wearer ridiculous. If we should be permitted to offer an advice upon the very delicate matter of a lady's dress, we should, by all means, recommend the adoption of simple, not flashy, colours. A high-toned colour is always dangerous: it may be quite at variance with the complexion, and at least cannot easily be suited to other parts of the attire. Ladies of a swarthy complexion should on no account attempt blues, lavenders, or any other violent colours; the most suitable or becoming for them, are whites, or any of the broken light tints. Sky-blue and pea-green are the most trying colours which can be worn. We have been told by manufacturers that they prepare dresses of certain colours for certain towns. In one place there is a demand for high-coloured goods, and in another these goods could scarcely find a purchaser, but the demand would be nearly all for neutral tints; in other words, the ladies, in one, exercise a coarse indiscriminate taste, and in the other, they are more refined in judgment.

The next point worth hinting at, though, after all, it is not of the least use, is the very small degree of taste exercised in making the dress suitable to the figure. The standard followed in this department is mere fashion. It is quite amusing to see how this ideal standard of perfection is worshipped, and how it drags its poor worshippers after it. Be a lady tall or short, lean or dumpy, she must dress herself exactly like her neighbours, no matter what be their stature or figure. A short woman, of course, should dress in such a manner as would seemingly add to her height, and not wear flounces, which only help to make her look more short. But if it be fashionable to surround the gown with flounces, then flounces the poor little dumpy woman must of course put on in all their plenitude. If, on the other hand, the lady be somewhat too tall, and would wish to shorten her appearance, she finds her case equally irremediable, in consequence of a peculiarity in the fashion for the time being. The lady who is already too broad across the shoulders, must make herself still more broad, by means of a pair of huge sleeves, which project like a pair of balloons. But if the fashion suddenly change, and a narrow-shouldered lady wish to keep up the reign of broad sleeves, she is compelled to retrench their exuberance, and submit to the new order of things. Again, a leader of fashion, with the view of covering a pair of bad ankles, sets the fashion of long gowns trailing in the mud, and all ladies at once lengthen their skirts, and trail their gowns in the mud also. No matter how absurd is the taste set by this ideal being, the leader of fashion; it is sure to be followed with all convenient speed. One or two cunning London milliners, in conjunction with a lady of ton—generally a young lady of some consequence just come out—have it in their power, by a magic whisk of their needle, to set any fashion they please. To the command of these nameless and mercenary female traders, the lady population of the united kingdom yield a ready and expensive obedience. Whether the order be to lengthen or shorten, to widen or narrow, the attire, it is punctually obeyed. A few may grumble at the change, but the change is made. Oh, ladies, ladies, how much your fate is to be commiserated!

### NEW METHOD OF HANGING BELL-WIRES.

For some years there has been a practice of hanging bell-wires in houses, which seems to be known in few parts of the country, for we have seen it only in Edinburgh, and one or two other places. Instead of



causing the wires to go along beneath the cornices and cross partitions, and passages, till they reach the bells which they are designed to pull, a plan is followed by which not a single wire is seen in any of the rooms in the house. From the top of the bell-pull in each apartment, the wire is carried straight upward in a small tin tube, sunk in the plaster, to the vacancy below the slates: here the wires from the whole house meet, and in a body descend in a tube to their respective bells. By this means, each wire has only two cranks, or at most three, in its entire course; all boring of partitions is avoided; and the appearance of rooms is considerably improved. This is one of the most useful of recent improvements in house architecture.

#### JAMES SMITH AND HIS WRITINGS.

"MEMOIRS, Letters, and Comic Miscellanies, in Prose and Verse, of the late James Smith, Esq., one of the authors of the 'Rejected Addresses,' edited [in two volumes] by his brother Horace Smith,"\* enable us to say something of one of the most admired humorous writers of the immediately past age. We presume that a large portion of our readers are acquainted with "the Rejected Addresses," so happy as a series of imitations of the principal writers of thirty years back, and are aware that it was written by the two brothers James and Horace Smith, the former of whom, deceased last year, is the subject of the work under our notice. The other writings of Mr Smith were entirely fugitive: he contributed to periodical works, helped theatrical friends with *jeu d'esprit*, and so forth; and it was therefore right that his surviving brother should have collected the best of these, together with a selection of his letters, into a pair of light volumes, prefaced by a memoir of the author.

Mr Smith, the eldest son of an eminent solicitor in London, was born in that city in 1775. He received the greater part of his education in the Rev. Mr Burford's school at Chigwell, where his taste for literary reading was first awakened by an accidentally found copy of Hoole's *Ariosto*. In mature life, he often visited Chigwell, and wandered "over the scenes that recalled the truant excursions of himself and chosen playmates, or the solitary rambles and musings of his youth. The whole of the surrounding scenery, every picturesque view, 'each alley green and bosky bourne,' nay, every individual field and tree, remained so firmly pictured upon his mind, that he could immediately detect the smallest alteration that had taken place since his first arrival at the school. Not even the many and growing infirmities of his later years were suffered to interfere with these visits. To the spots whither a horse or a carriage could not carry him he hobbled upon crutches, and thus contrived to reach the secluded nook, or the sequestered stream, where he had read or bathed upwards of fifty years before."

Reared by his father to his own profession, he succeeded him in business, and in the appointment of solicitor to the Ordnance; but he was too much a natural-born son of the comic muse, to allow himself to be at any time absorbed in professional pursuits. His earliest pieces in prose and verse were contributions to a newspaper, started in 1802, under the name of the *Pic-Nic*. Here, amongst his associates, were Mr Croker, Mr Cumberland, and Sir James Bland Burges. The editor was Mr Coombe, the eccentric author of "Dr Syntax," who resided at this time, and had done so for many years, in the rules of the King's Bench. We are told that "to accommodate the latter gentleman, the weekly meetings at Hatchard's did not take place till night, which afforded the indispensable protection of darkness to the worthy editor." In the *Pic-Nic*, Mr Smith wrote satirical poems on Bonaparte, colloquies discussing modern plays, and a series of light playful papers descriptive of society and manners, under the title of "Endymion the Exile." For Mr Cumberland, Mr Smith afterwards contributed to the *London Review*, and helped to write prefaces for a collection of plays which appeared under the name of the veteran dramatist. He also wrote for the "Monthly Mirror," which then belonged to Mr Thomas Hill, still a well-known enjoyer of life in the metropolis. Here appeared the imitations by himself and brother, which afterwards took the form of a volume entitled "Horace in London."

This brings us to the year 1812, in October of which year the new Drury Lane Theatre was to be opened. Six weeks before the event, a casual hint from Mr Ward, secretary to the theatre, suggested to the two witty brothers the composition of "The Rejected Addresses," or a series of humorous addresses for the opening of the house, professedly composed by the principal writers of the day, and offered in competition for the prize held out by the directors. The two wits immediately arranged what writers they were respectively to imitate: Horace went to Cheltenham, executed his portion of the task, and returned to town a few days before the opening, when each submitted his papers to the other for any erasures or improvements that might appear requisite. The little volume in which they were published had an unexampled success, having run through sixteen editions in seven years. Mr Murray, to whom the copyright had been at first offered for twenty pounds, bought it after the sixteenth edition for £131. We find that some of our favourite pieces were written by James, as for instance

the imitations of Wordsworth, Crabbe, Byron, and Cobbett. Was ever ordinary language put so easily or fluently into verse as in the first of these articles, where little Miss Lake describes the consequences of her revenge on Brother Jack's top!—

"Aunt Sarah heard the window break,  
And cried, 'Ah, naughty Nancy Lake,  
Thus to distress your aunt!  
No Drury Lane for you to-day!  
And while papa said, 'Pooh, she may!'  
Mamma said, 'No, she shan't!'  
My uncle's porter, Samuel Hughes,  
Came in at six to black the shoes,  
(I always talk to Sam)," &c.

We find, by the way, that James indulged in an idea that every family in the united kingdom has an aunt Sarah, whom they are sure to send for "when there is any misery afoot, but are sadly apt to overlook when matters go on smooth." It might have been supposed that the great sale of the Addresses would have made both the book and its authors very celebrated: but no—James would humorously illustrate the limited and ephemeral nature of fame by an incident that happened to himself in a Brighton coach. An old lady, struck with his extraordinary familiarity with things and people, at length burst forth, "And pray, sir, you who seem to know every body, pray, may I ask who you are?" "James Smith, ma'am." This evidently conveying nothing to her mind, a fellow-passenger added, "One of the authors of the Rejected Addresses." The old lady stared at them by turns, and then quietly said, "I never heard of the gentleman or the book before!"

The friends of Mr Smith entertained a high sense of his general abilities. Lady Blessington remarked that, if he had not been a man of wit, he would have achieved a much higher reputation. It was the opinion of those who saw him nearly, that his better powers remained unemployed, in consequence of his succeeding so easily as a writer of "comic miscellanies," and his thereby gaining that place in society which suited his gentlemanly tastes and good-humoured social character. After this period, therefore, he made no decisive effort in any literary walk. What he afterwards wrote was only on the spur of the moment, and to gratify individuals who solicited his aid. Amongst these was the late Mr Mathews, for whom he composed the entertainments styled the *Country Cousins*, the *Trip to France*, *Air Ballooning*, and the *Trip to America*. Mathews, who was a liberal and generous man, gave the author a thousand pounds, to which circumstance the latter rarely alluded without shrugging up his shoulders, and saying, "A thousand pounds for nonsense!" But it was nonsense which gave pleasure and relief to vast numbers of minds, and perhaps was not unworthy of its price. In Mathews's opinion, "Smith was the only man who could write clever nonsense." He also contributed pretty abundantly to the *New Monthly Magazine*: the series in that work entitled "Grimm's Ghost," and a great number of lively lyrics, were from his pen. "A cheerful, pleasant, effervescent spirit" animates all these compositions.

The ordinary life of Smith, notwithstanding his being engaged in business, was much that of "a gentleman about town." He was fond of theatrical amusements, and a regular haunter of green-rooms and rehearsals. He enjoyed an extensive circle of acquaintance, "including many of his contemporaries the most distinguished for virtues, talents, and rank." In that society he was a first-rate favourite, on account of his lively and entertaining conversation, and his benignant character. He had other engaging qualifications—"a dignified and manly figure, much beauty and animation of countenance, singularly fascinating manners, the charm of a comic vocalist, and a merry laugh that would extort a sympathising echo from the most phlegmatic hearer." He never entered into argument, and never lost his temper. His conversation comprehended the droll anecdote, the apt illustration, the shrewd remark, as well as the pun and witicism. "His was not the sly, sneering, sarcastic humour, that finds most pleasure in the *bon-mot* that gives the most pain to others; nor was it of that dry, quiet character which gives zest to a joke by the apparent unconsciousness of its author. His good sayings were heightened by his cordial good nature; by the beaming smile, the twinkling eye, and the frank hearty exclamation that showed his own enjoyment of them." He was thoroughly a Londoner. Though sometimes he would go into the country to visit, yet London was the home of his heart. He used to observe that London was the best place in summer, and the only place in winter. He concurred with Dr Mosely that in the country "one is always maddened with the noise of nothing." He used to relate with great glee a story showing the general conviction of his dislike to ruralities. He was sitting in the library, at a country-house, when a gentleman, informing him that the family were out, proposed a quiet stroll into the pleasure-grounds. "Stroll! why, don't you see my gouty shoe!" "Yes, but what then? You don't really mean to say that you have got the gout?" I thought you had only put on that shoe to avoid being shown over the improvements."

Smith had been all his life a temperate man; yet he sunk at length into a miserably gouty state, losing the use and even the form of his limbs. He bore the evil with exemplary fortitude, and, having always disliked people who made their sorrows obtrusive on others, he took care that no one should be annoyed

by his; so he shut himself up with his old faithful housekeeper, and died without troubling anybody. In his last years, he formed an acquaintance with the Rev. Mr Torre Holmes and his wife, who reside at Sheere near Guilford, and to this amiable pair he wrote frequently. The letters form a very delightful portion of the present work, full of his usual lively prattle, and at the same time presenting reflections befitting the old man who "knew that he must die." One or two select bits may be extracted here.

"Should the greatest of calamities befall you—the loss of one of your children (which Heaven avert)—I would, at the summons of you or your husband, visit you in your affliction; not to assuage your grief (a vain effort), but to alleviate by partaking of it. Such would have been my conduct, had I known you when deprived of Florence. I know that the hackneyed topics of consolation—viz. 'Time only can alleviate, impious to murmur, gone to a better place,' &c.—only add fuel to the fire. My course would be the direct reverse. I should dwell with melancholy pleasure on the merits of the departed, and agree with you that the affair was altogether beyond consolation.

'As skillful surgeons cut beyond the wound,  
To make the cure complete.'

What wonders time achieves! There was a period when you would have received as an insult an intimation that you could ever, after that bereavement, feel a moment of happiness; and notwithstanding our experience of his mollifying powers, we continue to think that if certain calamities should now befall us, we should never more taste of felicity. Charles Fox was said to be a man of expanded benevolence. His love, like gold beaten by the hammer, covered a large number, and thus clothed no individual cordially. Which of the extremes is best!—that adopted by him, or the concentration of our affections upon one? I should say the latter, but it is a fearful experiment."

"I dined yesterday with —, at Ivy Cottage, Fulham, a beautiful retreat in the Swiss fashion. B— and I went together. During our journey, he communicated to me the following strange story. A young, talented, and handsome married woman, whom he would only designate as Camilla, called upon him relative to an engagement on the stage. She had every requisite. B— strongly advised her against it, telling her that its various horrors would be insuperable to a gentlewoman. She had, it appeared, a brute of a husband, from whom she had separated herself. She one day called upon B—, and seeing on the mantel-piece a phial marked 'poison,' asked him if he could help her to some slow poison. She appeared learned upon that head, mentioning a slow poison known ages ago as *tofoonia*, and alluding to Madame Brinvilliers, who had destroyed several persons by that mode. He of course said that he could not accommodate her. Being, upon reflection, prevailed upon to forego her design of going upon the stage, she was induced to return to her husband. Her last letter to B— was written at the bedside of her husband, who, she said, was suffering under a slow and consuming illness. Not long ago, an elderly lady in black called upon B—, calling herself the mother of Camilla, and earnestly requesting to know whether he was acquainted with the place of her daughter's retreat; adding that her husband had died, and that Camilla had thereupon suddenly absconded! B— assured her (with truth) that he was quite ignorant upon the subject. Is not this a strange narrative! and does it not appear very probable that Camilla had administered *tofoonia*, and, frightened at what she had done, had made a rapid retreat into obscurity!"

In a series entitled "Kit Kat Sketches," we have been much amused by a paper condemnatory of old heads upon young shoulders, and particularly by one illustration of the monstrosity, which we shall here take leave to extract, although it has been published before.

"The mental exception is one Smedley Jones, lately an articled clerk to an attorney—I beg his pardon, a solicitor—in Furnival's Inn, Holborn, but recently out of his time, and therefore qualified to kill game on his own account. He wears black half-gaiters, and is a member of the Philomonic Society; exhibits much wisdom, little whisker, and no shirt collar; simpers; makes a gentle bow at the close of every sentence, with his chin touching his left collar-bone; criticises the new law courts; wears lace-coloured gloves; affects a beaver with a broad brim; nods at the close of every sentence when the Court of Exchequer pronounces a judgment, by way of encouraging the three puisne barons; and carries his pantaloon to his tailor's in a blue bag, that they may pass for briefs. There is a lame clerk in the Three per Cent. Consol Office at the Bank, with whom Smedley Jones appears to be on terms of considerable intimacy. I rather suspect that the motive of this conjunction is, that the latter may obtain private information with respect to certain funded property appertaining to certain widows and maidens, his attention to whom rises and falls accordingly. It is an unquestionable fact, that whenever a young man rises, like Smedley Jones, upon his toes in walking—waltzes with every thick-ankled girl that would otherwise be a wallflower for the whole evening—looks benevolently downward upon his own cheeks—sings a second at church, and boasts of belonging to no club—he may, to a certainty, be set down as one who means to let fly an arrow at Pylorus through the temple of Hymen."

\* Colburn, London.



It is quite edifying to meet Smedley Jones at a dinner-party. The first thing he does, on entering the drawing-room, is to take up a book with an air of no common sagacity. If it happen to be Woodstock, he smiles with an aspect of compassionate disdain, and informs the bystander that he objects to historical novels, and that he prefers going to the fountain-head, in Lord Clarendon and Bishop Burnet. Upon the appearance of the mistress of the mansion, he takes a seat by her on the sofa; but so near to its edge, that the slightest backward movement of that article of furniture would seat him where he ought to be. He smooths down the sand-coloured hair of the matron's accompanying offspring with an air of ineffable interest; inquires after dear Charles; hopes to see sweet little Emma; and ejaculates, 'Oh, pray now,' when mamma expresses a doubt as to her appearance. He then talks of the sea as beneficial to children, and recommends Werthing, because it has no cliff.

When dinner is announced, Smedley Jones looks sharply round for some female whose spine rather swerves from the perpendicular, aware that heiresses are seldom straight-backed, tucks her lean arm under his, and manoeuvres to sit next to her at table. Whilst in the act of descending the stairs, our proprietor of an old head upon young shoulders takes due care that the tongue which vibrates in the mouth of it shall ejaculate, 'What a capital house this is!' in accents sufficiently loud to be overheard by the master or mistress of the mansion. He dilutes his wine with water, to adapt it to his conversation; and enlarges upon the folly of the maxim, 'a reformed rake makes the best husband.' I have heard him tell, nineteen times over, the anecdote of his uncle Major Flush, who, thirty years back, at a dinner with Sir Phelim O'Four-bottle, poured his claret into his boots, aware that they would stand a soaking better than the coats of his stomach. This gives Mr Smedley Jones an opportunity of observing how different things are at present; with an addition, that one glass of wine at dinner, and two after it, should never be exceeded by any man who wishes to render himself acceptable to the ladies.

Mr Jones belongs to a society for converting Captain Parry's Esquimaux, at the North Pole, from the errors of their ways. I have this fact from his own mouth, having had the misfortune to sit next but one to him at dinner, at old Spinnuit's, the Chancery barrister. The intervening individual was Miss Crook, of Upper Clapton, a white-risged personage, whom the above-mentioned lame clerk in the Three per Cent. Office has introduced to his acquaintance. I rather think Spinnuit has been instructed to peruse and settle their marriage articles. Miss Crook having retired with the rest of the ladies, my left flank was cruelly exposed. The old headman accordingly brought his juvenile left shoulder forward, and occupied the vacant seat. He asked me if I did not think the Esquimaux at the North Pole 'dark heathens.' I answered, not entirely so, because their whole blubber supplied them with oil for lamps. Mr Smedley Jones stared at this, and added, that his meaning was that they were poor unenlightened wanderers. I rejoined, 'True, but that's Apollo's fault!'

Finding that he had a neighbour who was not to be dealt with metaphorically, Mr Smedley Jones changed his course, and began to dilate upon his family affairs, and informed me that his brother George was a clerk in the Post-Office, where he expressed a hope that Mr Freezing would push him. Finding, upon inquiry, that his brother George lodged at the last house in Cecil Street, which overlooks the mud-bank of the river Thames, I answered, 'I hope he will.' I was then informed that Mr Smedley Jones's brother Richard was a clerk in the brewhouse of Sweetwort and Company; the junior partner of which establishment, 'sitting under the same minister' at Hoxton, had promised to push him. Finding that Sweetwort and Company were celebrated for their large vat, I again said, 'I hope they will,' which procured for me one of those amiable chin-dropping bows which I have already depicted.

'For myself,' continued my juvenile companion with the antique bust, 'I have a clerk who is a cousin to one of the judges, who goes the home circuit next autumn; he knows something of the high sheriff, and that kind-hearted and noble personage (Mr Smedley Jones is not sparing of adjectives to benefactors in one or in two) has promised to push me.' Neck and heels out of court into the High Street, thought I, 'or his javelin-man will not be of my mind.'

A Captain Smithers, with a dull eye and a drawing voice, now offered his snuff-box to Mr Smedley Jones; this the latter declined, with another of those amiable bows to which I have faintly endeavoured to do justice; and turning to me, observed that snuff-taking was a bad habit for a young man. 'At all events,' answered I, 'he should wear a bad habit, or Scotch rappee will make it one.' 'Not but what I carry a box myself,' continued Mr Smedley Jones, with a look that he meant for such; 'here it is!': so saying, he pulled out of his coat-pocket an oblong box, with an amber lid. 'May I perish,' thought I, 'if it does not come from Geneva! We shall now be pestered with a regular orthodox series of quadrille tunes.'

When this machine had interrupted conversation for the usual period, and had 'said its say,' I was in hopes that we had done with it: 'But soft! by regular approach—' not yet.' It was again wound up, and again set a-going, to gratify little Theobald Spinnuit, who had bolted into the dining-room in quest of

an orange. These little attentions gratify mothers, and are apt to procure the perpetrator a second invitation to dinner.

There now ensued a regular struggle between Mr Smedley Jones's tongue and my taciturnity. He is one of those civil young men who must speak to their neighbours, whether they have any thing to communicate or not. I was accordingly asked what I thought of the Catholic Question. 'I had entertained no thoughts upon the subject.' 'Indeed!' was the reply. The next interrogatory to which I was subjected, was, 'Who was the author of Junius?' I protested that I had never given the matter a moment's reflection. This, however, did not stop the subject; and I was condemned to listen to the usual harangue, with the words 'Sir Philip Francis,' 'Lord Chatham,' 'Lord Shelburne,' 'bound copy at bankers,' and 'tall man at letter-box,' all which topics were by me, jointly and severally, returned *ignoramus*.

Mr Smedley Jones's battery here suffered a momentary pause: whereupon 'thinks I to myself,' now for my turn! 'Since nature has clasped an old head upon his young shoulders, art shall insert a young head between my old ones. Fifty-one shall start the topics which twenty-one ought to have discussed.' Accordingly, I asked Mr Smedley Jones, to his no small dismay, what he thought of Mrs Humby's Cherry Ripe and the Lover's Mistake! I took it for granted that he had seen Paul Pry on horseback at Astley's amphitheatre. I animadverted upon Madame Pasta's Medea: was sorry that Signora Garcia had picked up a Yankee husband: wondered why Potier came to the French theatre in Tottenham Street; and asked him if he could tell me what had become of Delia.

It is thus that extremes produce each other. If twenty-one monopolises all the sense at the dinner-table, fifty-one must take to the nonsense, or hold its tongue. 'Sir,' said the moralist of Bolt-court, upon an occasion somewhat similar, 'he talked of the origin of evil, whereupon I withdrew my attention, and thought of Tom Thumb.'

I fear that Smedley Jones has by this time become almost as wearisome to the reader at second-hand as he was originally to the writer. I shall therefore conclude with this observation:—All monsters ought to be smothered; and wherever nature puts an old head upon young shoulders, the sooner the one is knocked off the other the better.'

#### A SPECIMEN OF NATIONAL SELF-COMPLACENCY.

ANOTHER the people of Scotland there is a very general opinion that their mode of managing the poor is the best possible, and, in particular, vastly superior to that followed in England, where the expenditure is supposed by our countrymen to be monstrous in amount, and most pernicious to the poor themselves, as tending to take from them all motive for self-exertion. In reality, the Scottish system has but one feature—that of giving as little as possible, and to as few poor as possible. A parish will boast to the passing stranger that it has no poor whatever, or next to none, and that the way to bring about this result is to give the poor no encouragement. Those who make this boast do not mention that they only banish the poor into less stinging districts, where three years' residence gives them a settlement. Practically, the case is simply this, that the poor of Scotland, as far as they get any public or recognised support at all, get it in a few places, chiefly the large towns. It is amusing to observe in Scotland the horror entertained of the so-called extravagant system pursued in England, at the very time when one-half of the English newspapers are full of railings against commissioners and guardians for starving the poor. The people of Scotland appear to be in a perfect delusion upon this subject.

Two facts that have lately come to our knowledge, may be allowed to speak for themselves with the generous natures south of the Tweed. An old female servant residing in Edinburgh, totally unable to work, and who has no other dependence whatever but on the occasional kindness of one former mistress, gets from the West Church parish an out-door allowance of 2s. 6d. monthly! A widow, lately left as such with four children, in a parish in Peeblesshire, where there is not one enrolled pauper, was offered the sum of 10s. quarterly under the direction of the minister, as all that was necessary for her support!

The memoranda which follow were taken down after a conversation with an individual who had been for above forty years the schoolmaster and almoner of a pastoral parish in the south of Scotland, and who consequently speaks from an uncommonly large experience. We believe that the most perfect confidence may be placed on every particular here stated:—

'E'—is a rural parish, with a considerable village—no manufactures—population, 836. The expenditure on the poor is about £80, partly raised by assessment. There are about twenty poor, almost all of whom have been rural labourers. The lowest sum given, and this to a single person who is able to labour a little, is 5s. in six weeks. Persons in the next degree of destitution get 7s. 6d. in six weeks. A paralytic man, in middle life, with four young children, and a wife (who, however, can work during summer at field labour, and thereby earn 10d. per day without victuals), gets at present 12s. 6d. in six weeks. The sums given are confessedly inadequate for the support of

the paupers, whose lives, accordingly, are of the most comfortable kind. Generally, they are after all much indebted to private benevolence. They haunt farmers' houses, especially those where they have had any sort of connexion, and get meal, potatoes, &c., in small quantities, to help out the parish pittance.

Mr—attributes much of the evil to the small wages of the farm-labourers. They get about L.8 or L.10 a-year, besides meal, potatoes, coal, and sometimes a cow's grass, the whole not exceeding L.25 a-year. Their extreme poverty, and the burden of their families, which make the want of a place an evil not to be encountered, place them much at the mercy of the farmers—who, having always a free market, without competition, and being therefore much united in interest, possess great power over the destinies of any troublesome servant, no one receiving a man whom another has found any fault with. The servants are thus no better than slaves, for, though they have nominally the power to change masters, they cannot exercise it. Pinched down to wages which barely allow the most scanty means of subsistence, they can save nothing for the future. Indeed, they are so ill supplied with the means of current subsistence, that pilfering is distressingly common amongst them; and the wives of several have actually confessed to Mr—that, without that resource, they could not exist. By and bye, they become feeble, and, if they continue to live, and have not children in a condition to support them, they cannot avoid coming upon the parish.

Our informant adds that, in former times, the farm-servants had no better wages, but rather worse; but fashions were different then; and no luxury of any kind, excepting a little tobacco, was known. In those days, there was more providence perhaps; but the question may still remain, if we are entitled to expect human beings to spare from such slender resources. Now, at any rate, they know of luxuries, such as tea; consequently, there is the temptation to use them. The force of the imitative principle is proverbially strong: we cannot, then, wonder greatly at their giving way in some measure to such prevailing fashions. Mr—remarks, that, of persons in like circumstances, some are much more liable to come to parish relief than others. There is a class who are more reflecting, steady, and self-denying than others; and these, he remarks, are also those who have the most earnest religious character.

The latter remark is worthy of some attention. In such persons, of course, the moral nature is apt to be the strongest, and this may show itself in provident habits as well as in devout feelings. But we are not assured by these circumstances, that the physical support with which such persons are content, is sufficient for them. We only know too well that the physical laws operate independently of the moral, and that the best feelings in the world will not ensure any one against the consequences of imperfect diet, or the want of the many little comforts which go to contribute to a healthy existence. Discussion, however, upon this point seems needless. It is to be expected of any man, in a country like this, that, with an income of about L.25 per annum, he can both support a family and lay by for old age!

The sympathies of the British nation are even yet in strong action respecting the West India negroes. They little reflect that, in their own land, there is a vastly greater number of unprotected poor men, with as little of real freedom as the slaves of the Caribbean islands ever enjoyed, and who are not by one-half so well supplied with the grosser comforts of life. How ready are we to kindle at the slave-holding Carolinian and Virginian! We do not remember—for it would be to our own disadvantage—that these gentlemen at least take care that their labourers, whether in their days of strength or their days of weakness, shall want for nothing which nature requires.

#### ANECDOTE FROM THE CAUSES CELEBRES.

In the reign of Dom Pedro, the justice-lover, king of Portugal (says the compiler of the Causes Celebres), a prelate of high rank and standing in the kingdom chanced to take offence at some expression used towards him by a shoemaker, and caused the poor man to be assassinated. This punishment, so grievously disproportioned to the offence, was formally complained of in the ecclesiastical courts by the son of the victim; but, as might have been expected, the judges favoured their wealthy and powerful brother, and bestowed on him no heavier penalty than that of interdicting him from saying mass for the space of a year. The son, feeling even more aggrieved by this sentence, went to the foot of the throne, and there laid his complaint before Dom Pedro. The king was touched by compassion, and expressed that sentiment, as well as his sense of the injustice of the decision alluded to, in a way so peculiar, that the young man was encouraged to act in a most remarkable manner in consequence.

On an early day afterwards, the prelate took part in a public procession. He was clad in his full pontifical robes, and little dreamed of the fate which awaited him. The son of the murdered shoemaker had taken up his station at a point which was overlooked by the king, who, with all his court, viewed the procession from the palace windows. When the

\* In some parishes the money wages are larger, but the cow's grass is not then given.



prelate reached the proper spot, the young man darted forward, and, with two blows of a poignard well applied, slew the priest ere any man could interpose to stop the action. Such violence, committed on an ecclesiastic of high station, caused an extraordinary sensation. The assassin was at once seized and carried before Don Pedro, by orders of the monarch himself. As soon as the young man appeared, the king demanded how he dared to commit such a deed? "How dared that unworthy prelate to murder my father?" was the reply. "I sought justice, and it was refused to me. I believed then that it was my duty to take vengeance into my own hands." The friends of the prelate replied, that the youth had received justice, and that the prelate had been condemned to cease performance of the mass for a whole year. The king listened in silence, and then turned to the young man. "What is thy trade?" "A shoemaker," was the answer. "I then interdict thee from making shoes for a year, and in the interval thou shalt receive fit maintenance from the prelate's funds. This is my decree."

#### NEW DISCOVERIES RESPECTING THE HISTORY OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

MR P. F. TYTLER, after distinguishing himself by various biographical works, exhibiting great research and a sweet and fluent style, commenced the publication of a history of Scotland about twelve years ago. The seventh volume, which has appeared within the last few weeks, and embraces the period between 1565 and 1574 (being the second last of the book), contains some new facts of considerable interest respecting the life of Queen Mary. These Mr Tytler has derived from documents hitherto buried in the State Paper Office.

The character of the affair of Rizzio's death is now made considerably clearer than before. It sprang from two plots which had coalesced, their purpose being common; the one arose from Darnley's personal jealousy, the other from the dread which the Protestant party entertained of Rizzio's influence in behalf of Romanism, and in effecting the forfeiture of the Earl of Murray and other Protestant lords, who had lately been driven as rebels from the kingdom. The parliament was to meet early in March (1566) to enact this forfeiture. About the middle of February, the murder of Rizzio was arranged. The public will now learn with surprise that Queen Elizabeth was duly apprised of it, as an act favourable to her interests. More surprising still, the preachers John Knox and John Craig were amongst the actual conspirators. For this Mr Tytler does not adduce the original of the bond which the conspirators signed, but he brings forward, what is scarcely less to be trusted, a list which had been transcribed by the English ambassador and sent to Elizabeth. And not only did these men agree to the murder, but, to favour it, they appointed a general fast and humiliation to be held in the city during the week on which it was to take place, the solemnities of that occasion forming a pretext for the gathering of the partisans of the conspirators. "Directions for prayers and sermons, to be used during this week, were drawn up by Knox and the ministers, and the subjects chosen were calculated to prepare the public mind for the destructive scene about to ensue. They were selected from the Old Testament alone, and included, amongst other examples, the slaying of Oreb and Zeb, the cutting off the Benjamites, the fast of Esther, the hanging of Haman, inculcating the duty of inflicting swift and summary vengeance on all who persecuted the people of God." After the murder, when the queen unexpectedly retained her authority, Knox fled to Ayrshire, and lived there for a twelvemonth: his reasons for this act, formerly very obscure, are now made clear. What a strange impression do we receive of the age, when we find two personages otherwise so estimable as Elizabeth and Knox, concerned in so atrocious a murder as that of poor Rizzio was in all its features!

Darnley's desertion of his associates, so as to leave them exposed to vengeance, was what led to his own death. These men seem to have determined that he should not escape their vengeance. It was only an accident that it also suited the convenience of the Earl of Bothwell to have Darnley destroyed. Here also the assassination was coolly covenanted. A bond was entered into, at which were the names of Bothwell, Lethington, Argyle, Huntly, and others, agreeing to stand by each other in this deed, and against its consequences. Morton was made privy to it, and it was also known to Murray, though he had the prudence to keep apart from all concern in it. Upon the whole, Mr Tytler's narrative makes it more likely than it ever seemed before to us, that Mary was aware of what was going on. She appears to have by this time contracted a passion for Bothwell—one of those infatuated attachments which human beings sometimes, though rarely, form for each other, in spite of not only the most obvious prudence but the most sacred principles. If privy to the design, the part she acted was one of most depraved hypocrisy: she must then be considered as having led the unfortunate young man like a lamb to the slaughter. One cannot but relent and pity the miserable youth, on learning that he dreaded her blandishments, but told his friend that he would go with her, "though she

should murder me." On the fatal night, soon after being left by her, he retired to his bed-chamber. "Since his illness," says Mr Tytler, "there appeared to have been a great change in him. He had become more thoughtful, and thought had brought with it repentance of his former courses. He lamented there were few near him whom he could trust, and at times he would say, that he knew he should be slain, complaining that he was hardly dealt with; but from these sorrows he had sought refuge in religion, and it was remarked that on this night, his last in the world, he had repeated the 56th Psalm, which he would often read and sing. After his devotion, he went to bed and fell asleep, Taylor, his page, being beside him in the same apartment. This was the moment seized by the murderers, who still lurked in the lower room, to complete their dreadful purpose; but their miserable victim was awakened by the noise of their false keys in the lock of his apartment, and rushing down in his shirt and pelisse, endeavoured to make his escape, but he was intercepted, and strangled after a desperate resistance, his cries for mercy being heard by some women in the nearest house; the page was also strangled; and their bodies carried into a small orchard, without the garden wall, where they were found, the king in his shirt only, and the pelisse by his side." The wretches then blew up the house, by means of the gunpowder which they had deposited in one of the lower rooms.

The open efforts to screen Bothwell from justice, and Mary's disgraceful marriage to him, ruined her in the estimation of her subjects, as well as of the other sovereigns of Europe. At the same time, one cannot but feel equal indignation at the conduct of some of those great chiefs who now rose against her, thinking it a good opportunity to get quit of her government. These were the very men who had joined in the bond for the murder. They were as guilty as they represented her to be; but they were on the popular side in religion, and knew they were pretty safe in a hostile demonstration against objects so generally odious as Bothwell and the queen. To meet these "associated lords" she had about 4000 men. Mary and Bothwell advanced from East Lothian with 2000, and intrenched their troops in some old works on the crest of Carberry Hill. The transactions of the day were of that kind which makes history sometimes rise to the tone of the purest tragedy. We must here make a brief extract from Mr Tytler's volume.

Monsieur de Croc, the French ambassador, carried a message from her to Morton and Glencairn, "assuring them of their sovereign's disposition to pardon the past, on condition that they returned to their duty. 'We have not come here,' said Glencairn, when he heard this proposal, 'to solicit pardon for ourselves, but rather to give it to those who have offended.' 'We are in arms,' added Morton, 'not against our queen, but the Duke of Orkney [lately Earl of Bothwell], the murderer of her husband. Let him be delivered up, or let her majesty remove him from her company, and we shall yield her obedience.'

It was evident from this reply that there was little hope of peace, and the confederate lords were the more determined, as an indisposition to fight was beginning to be apparent in the royal troops, some men at that moment stealing over to the enemy. Observing this, Bothwell, who was never deficient in personal courage, rode forward, and, by a herald, sent his defiance to any one that dared arraign him of the king's murder. His gage was accepted by James Murray of Tullibardin, but Bothwell refused to enter the lists with one who was not his peer, and singled out Morton, who readily answered, that he would fight him instantly on foot and with two-handed swords. Upon this, Lord Lindsay, of the Byres, interfered. The combat, he contended, belonged of right to him, as the relative of the murdered king, and he implored the associate lords by the services he had done, and still hoped to do, that they would grant him the courtesy to meet the duke in this quarrel. It was deemed proper to humour Lindsay, and Morton presented him with his own sword, a weapon well known and highly valued, as having been once wielded by his renowned ancestor, Archibald Bell the Cat. Lindsay then proceeded to arm himself, and, kneeling down before the ranks, audibly implored God to strengthen his arm to punish the guilty and protect the innocent. Bothwell, too, seemed eager to fight; but at this critical juncture Mary interfered, and resolutely forbade the encounter.

By this time it was evident that desertion was spreading rapidly in her army, nor had her remonstrances the least effect: she implored them to advance, assured them of victory, taunted them with cowardice—but all to so little purpose, that when Grange at the head of his troops began to wheel round the hill, so as to turn their flank, the panic became general, and the queen and Bothwell were left with only sixty gentlemen and the band of hackbutters. It was the design of Grange to throw himself between Dunbar and this little force, thus cutting off Bothwell's escape, but Mary perceived it, and sent the laird of Ormiston to demand a parley. This was immediately granted; and when Grange rode forward, he assured his sovereign of their readiness to obey her, if that man who now stood beside her, and was guilty of the king's murder, were dismissed. To this she replied, that if the lords promised to return to their allegiance, she would leave the duke, and put herself in their hands. He carried this message to his brethren, and came

back with a solemn assurance that on such conditions they were ready to receive and obey her as their sovereign. Hearing this, the queen, over too credulous and apt to act on the impulse of the moment, held a moment's conversation aside with Bothwell. What passed can only be conjectured: he appeared to waver and remonstrate; but when she gave him her hand, he took farewell, turned his horse's head, and rode off the field, none of the confederates offering the least impediment. It was the last time they ever met."

A striking passage follows. Soon finding herself by no means a free agent, she broke out into reproaches, and bitterly repented her precipitation. "She called for Lindsay, one of the fiercest of the confederate barons, and bade him give her his hand. He obeyed. 'By the hand,' said she, 'which is now in yours, I'll have your head for this.' Unfortunate princess! When she spoke thus, little did she know how soon that unrelenting hand, which had been already stained with Rizzio's blood, would fall still heavier yet upon herself."

The subsequent events are related with great spirit, and many new facts of importance are introduced. This is no proper place in which to make extensive extracts from a historical work. But one of Mr Tytler's new facts is of a nature to excite much surprise in Scotland—namely, that while the queen was confined in Lochleven, the Hamiltons, who have hitherto been looked upon as her constant friends, actually proposed to her more conspicuous enemies to have her assassinated. But, indeed, murder is the leading feature of this period of our history. There is not any character of the age so pure as not to have been in some way concerned in deliberate murder. The most politic sovereigns and ministers, the most vehement reformers of the national church, the most magnificent nobles—all are ready to shed blood, or to favour its being shed, privately, when it suited their ends to do so. It almost seems strange that so much pains should have been taken to make out Mary either innocent or guilty. When Elizabeth is found foreknowing of Rizzio's murder, when Leicester is found openly counselling the killing of Mary at the Council Board of England, when every man and woman of any note in that age is found tainted with blood, it seems extremely likely that Mary was privy to Darnley's slaughter, but it is scarcely just to make her character rest on a point which, with regard to her contemporaries, is generally treated as a matter of indifference.

#### OCCUPATIONS FOR THE INSANE.

THERE is something very striking in the following description of the employments followed by the insane in the Glasgow Asylum, especially when we mentally contrast it with the accounts of *bedlams* given by the fictitious writers of the last century. Similar modes of engaging the attention of the insane are now followed with advantage at many other asylums throughout Britain, besides the excellent one at Glasgow. The following is extracted from the report of the directors for 1839; during which year the average amount of patients was 159:—

"One of the most beneficial means in the treatment of the insane, is daily occupation. This not only tends to prevent the mind from dwelling on its delusions, and thereby to lessen their intensity, but frequently puts an end to that restlessness, both of mind and body, which attends many forms of the disease. Of all the modes of employing patients so affected, bodily labour is the most advantageous, inasmuch as it not only produces the beneficial effects now adverted to, but contributes to bring the body into that state of health which is necessary for the due performance of all mental operations. It must always, however, be borne in mind, that to secure the advantages resulting from it, the patient must be free from any high excitation, or, at least, that any excitability which may exist, is only to such an extent as to admit of its being completely exhausted or subdued by labour. In the treatment of our patients we have always recognised these principles, and availed ourselves of them as far as circumstances would permit. The additional plans for the employment of our patients, as alluded to in last report, have been completed; and we have now the satisfaction to state, that we have ample means of affording work to our inmates of all classes who can in any way be thereby benefited."

In our capacious workshops, weavers, tailors, shoemakers, carpenters, and saddlers, may be seen diligently pursuing their avocations; while in the work-rooms, laundry, and washing-house, the various operations of sewing, knitting, carding, spinning, winding, shoe-binding, washing, and dressing, are carried on with cheerfulness and alacrity. The convalescent ladies are employed not only in ornamental work, but in the benevolent occupation of making articles of dress for patients of the poorer classes. In addition to the kindly feeling thus fostered, and the benefits which full employment secures to the individuals themselves, the profits derived from the labours of all classes, may, in addition to other advantages, enable us very beneficially to augment our present library, without trenching on the funds of the institution. Among all classes of our patients who are in a calm or convalescent state, we find books in great demand; and the promise of the perusal of the works of a favourite author, frequently operates as the strongest



inducement to submit to that bodily exercise in which it is always our object to engage our patients.

It has been objected to the employment of the insane in workshops, that it is not so beneficial as exercise in the open air. This we readily admit. But the question lies between occupation and idleness. The weather is not at all times propitious for out-of-door labour, and even when it is, there are patients who cannot be induced to engage in it. In these circumstances, large well-ventilated workshops are of the utmost advantage. In corroboration of this, we may mention, that some of our patients who could not be induced to work in the garden, have become industrious weavers; and so anxious are they for employment, that they will work one-half of the day in the open air to be allowed to spend the other in the weaving-room. Nor, because we have workshops, do we force or induce all to engage themselves continually in them. On the contrary, we make it a rule, that when the weather permits, every one shall be engaged for a certain time daily in the garden or siring-grounds.

Besides the patients of the lower classes who are employed in out-door occupations, those of superior rank have been induced to betake themselves to the healthful exercise of manual labour in the open air, and by their exertions, some of the grounds have been laid down anew. Thus, one disadvantage under which patients of the better classes have in other establishments been allowed to remain, has been obviated.

The various means by which this was effected, it would be too tedious to mention here. Suffice it to say, that by the force of example, by holding out motives likely to operate on the character of the individual, nay, even in some cases by a simple appeal to their reason, the task has been accomplished, and the effect has been most beneficial.

The means of mental improvement, through the medium of rational and harmless amusements, have also been increased, while, at the same time, we have taken care that they be as much as possible suited to the rank and taste of each class of patients. Books, journals, and newspapers, have been amply supplied; and in the evening, after the labour and exercises of the day, the patients may be seen in the well-lighted parlours, billiard-room, and galleries, cheerfully employed in reading, playing backgammon, cards, or billiards, or solacing themselves and their companions with the flute, the violin, or the piano-forte.

This is no exaggerated account, drawn up to please the imagination or gratify the feelings of the philanthropist. The facts now stated, may be daily and nightly seen in the asylum; and we have only to appeal to those who, in their official capacity, have seen the institution lighted up in the evening, and call on them to declare, whether it did not appear a scene of peaceful pleasure, rather than the abode of those afflicted with the most distressing of all human calamities."

#### DRUG-TAKING.

Unhealthy people depend far too much on the druggist's shop. This perhaps would not be if it were recollected, as it ought to be, that the pain and disagreeableness of ill-health result from our perceptions of these things, and not from the things themselves. Those who go into battles know that in the heat of conflict men receive the most serious and painful wounds, which they do not so much as find out until the hurry and excitement of the fight are over. Now, one-half of the ill-health which annoys people in the atmosphere of London, and with London habits, is just of that kind from the perception of which they might escape. I am no doctor in the pulse-feeling and tongue-inspecting signification of the word; but I have reason to believe that the most intelligent among my very esteemed friends who practise the healing art are very well aware of the great importance of turning away the attention of the patient from his or her malady, be it real or imagined. Medical folks who understand mankind morally as well as physically, are, I believe, far less solicitous than some people think to make out positively and certainly whether such or such a disease does really exist, or only the imagination of it. In the first place (I speak, however, with the utmost deference to more erudite judgment), it is in very many of the cases which come before medical men absolutely impossible to tell what is really the matter physically. Some diseases there are of which the symptoms are quite decisive, and not to be mistaken; but of by far the greater number of cases of ill-health, the physical cause must remain in considerable doubt. The chief good which we then derive from the doctor is a moral good: we submit ourselves to authority and to discipline; we feel that we are taking rational steps towards ridding us of the evil which oppresses us; and we are, for the most part, inspired with hope, not to say confidence, by the sensible and encouraging words which the physician speaks. But there are thousands upon thousands who do not think themselves quite ill enough to call in the doctor, and yet go on from week to week, from month to month, and from year to year, continually ailing, and continually sending to the elegant shop with plate-glass windows filled with glass jars of various coloured phlegm (especially crimson), as if sick people were as silly as mackerel, and very liable to be taken with the same colour of bait. Now, it is for these people that I would presume to prescribe. What they want is not so much physic as diversion. How many are there who, while they are at home moping about with dull companions, or no companions at all, feel pains in the shoulders and in the back and in the chest, have dizziness in the head, black things floating before the eyes, sudden startings and twinges, and so on; how many are there tormented thus, who, when some brisk, lively, and intelligent friend appears, capable of rousing the attention and set-

ting the spirits in a glow, actually forget their complaints, and feel that, for that evening or morning, as the case may be, they are uncommonly well? Now, these persons, instead of taking "black draught," as they very commonly do (for the pretty colours in the druggist's front window are by no means common to his nauseous stock), should take some far less melancholy medicine. It should not be material physic, but a wholesome, cheerful philosophy.—*The Table-Talker, or Brief Essays on Society and Literature*, 1840.

#### LITERARY CURIOSITY.

In a late newspaper we find the following droll poetic effusion in dog Latin, with a translation into English. The Latin is an Address to the Sea, and the English an Address to Mary.

<p>TONY'S ADDRESS TO MARY.</p> <p>O Mare, eva si forme, Forme ure tonitru, Iambecum as amandum, Olet Hymen promptu! Mihl his vetas an no se, As humano erebi: Olet mecum marito te, Or Eta, Beta, Pi.</p> <p>Alas! plano more meretrix, Mi ardor vel uno; Inferam ure arte is base; Tolerat me urebo.</p> <p>Ah me! ve ara scilicet, To laudu vimen tuis; Hiatu as arandum sex, Illic Ionice.</p> <p>Hui! sed hui! vexen imago, Mi misce, mare sta; O centu redit in mihl! Hiberus arida.</p> <p>A veri vafer heri si, Mihl resolves indu, Totius olet Hymen cum, Accepta tonitru.</p>	<p>TONY'S ADDRESS TO MARY.</p> <p>Oh, Mary, heave a sigh for me, For me, your Tony true; I am become as a man dumb— O let Hymen prompt you! My eye is vet as any sea, As you may know hereby; O let me come, Mary, to tea, Or eat a bit o' pie.</p> <p>Alas! play no more merry tricks, My ardour vill you know; In fear I am your heart is base; Tolerate me, your beau.</p> <p>Ah me! ve are a silly set, To laud you vimen thus; I hate you as a random sex, Ill luck I only curse.</p> <p>You said, you vixen, I may go, My misceus Mary, stay; O, can't you read it my eye? I burn as arid lay.</p> <p>A very vafer, here I sigh, My eye resolves in dew. To tie us, oh let Hymen come! Accept a Tony true.</p>
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#### HOW TO ENTER UPON A SCIENTIFIC PURSUIT.

In entering upon any scientific pursuit, one of the student's first endeavours ought to be to prepare his mind for the reception of truth, by dismissing, or at least loosening his hold on, all such crude and hastily adopted notions respecting the objects and relations he is about to examine, as may tend to embarrass or mislead him; and to strengthen himself by something of an effort and a resolve, for the unprejudiced admission of any conclusion which shall appear to be supported by careful observation and logical argument, even should it prove of a nature adverse to notions he may have previously formed for himself, or taken up, without examination, on the credit of others. Such an effort is, in fact, a commencement of that intellectual discipline which forms one of the most important ends of all science. It is the first movement of approach towards that state of mental purity which alone can fit us for a full and steady perception of moral beauty as well as physical adaptation. It is the "euphrasy and rue" with which we must "purge our sight" before we can receive and contemplate as they are the lineaments of truth and nature.—*Sir John Herschel*.

#### PROGRESS OF MODERN TRAVELLING.

Our fathers were—and that within the memory of men—contented to convey their goods from town to town on pack-horses. Narrow roads, which barely admitted a string of these beasts, burdened with the needs of many towns, ran on over hill and dale, and often were found worn deep between steep banks, by the persevering traffic of ages, and overhung by trees which had spontaneously sprung and grown over them, rendering them cool and pleasant. But the affairs of our worthy ancestors became sensibly on the increase. The string of pack-horses slowly progressing over the wolds and through forests, were found not equal to the demands of commercial exchange and speed; and they set their wits to work, and lo! Pickford's and Pettifor's waggons, and others, their contemporaries, appeared, piled up in ponderous stateliness, and drawn by horses in bulk next to elephants. For their convenience, the old roads were deserted as too narrow, or filled up as too lumberously profound. New roads of an airy width were laid down; and Mr Adam showed himself, with his necromantic hammer and pebble-gauge in his hand, and coaches came galloping after him at ten miles' speed per hour, loaded with eager and still impatient negotiators; roads of granite or of limestone, however smooth, or however wide, or however covered with waggons, coaches, mails, horsemen, and the infinite variety of carriages of pleasure, travel, and parade, which now appeared on them, were found too few; and canals were cut; locks—wonderful things in those days—were invented; and heavy boats and light barges hastened to convey their freights of living things, and things for the living—market goods and market people—to the places where they were wanted, or where they wanted to be. Well done, Englishmen! Things were come to a pretty good pass, it was thought. People said, wondering to one another, "If our grandfathers could but rise from their graves and see all this, how they would stare!" But it was soon found that the population and the needs of the country had outgrown even these accommodations. There was a cry for more conveyance and more speed. Some talked of balloons, some of velocipedes, and some of perpetual motion. The old and the orthodox said—"Let well be. Things move fast enough. There is no rest, no repose, no steadiness, in this generation—all is hurry, hurry, hurry. It is perfectly distracting!" They even looked back to the old hollow roads and string of pack-horses with affectionate yearnings. Nevertheless, a set of pig-headed fellows were busy with their brains, and began to utter strange speeches about the powers of steam. It was a thing which was to work our mines and mills, impel our ships, and convey us, with the velocity of a comet, from one place to another. Old men, and wise men too, laughed at such Quixotic vapourings; yet, spite

of their laughter, there were heard great hammerings, and filings, and fixings, in the workshops of Watt and Boulton; and presently that mighty monster, a steam engine, was seen pulling up buckets of water and heaps of ore out of the earth, and turning a thousand spindles in our factories. It has become locomotive, has mounted the roads and the ships prepared for it, and is now flying from town to town, and country to country, with us and our concerns, in a manner so wonderful, that we shall soon find ourselves past wondering at anything. Do we not ride at the rate of thirty miles an hour, and grumble at such a small space—step over to America in ten days, and think it about five too long—and hear news from the East Indies in little more than a month! Well done, Englishmen! as our fathers said, so say we—that is pretty well for another fit.—*William Howitt*.

#### FIRST PRACTICAL DISCOVERY OF STEAM.

In the year 1605, Florence Rivault, a gentleman of the bedchamber to Henri IV., and the preceptor of Louis XIII., discovered that an iron ball, or bomb, with very thick walls, and filled with water, exploded sooner or later when thrown into the fire, if the steam generated were prevented from escaping. The power of steam was here demonstrated by a precise proof, which, to a certain point, was susceptible of numerical appreciation, whilst, at the same time, it revealed itself as a dreadful means of destruction.—*Newspaper paragraph*.

Paragraphs of this nature, relative to various discoveries in the arts, are very common in newspapers. Nobody doubts that the power of steam was understood by thousands of persons before it was ultimately known for any effective purpose, and therefore no credit whatever is due to such persons as M. Rivault. In our opinion, no merit can justly be given to discoverers, unless they can make their discovery to be of some practical use to mankind, or at least bring its value distinctly before the public.

#### EQUALITY OF HAPPINESS.

Nor is it to be imagined that the happiness of the individuals who are subjected to despotic government, is necessarily sacrificed during the effort of nature to throw off the load which oppresses it. The same providence and disregard of the future, which is the immediate cause of the growth of a redundant population, afford sources of enjoyment to the individual unknown in civilised life, and often the stroke of suffering to a degree which can hardly be conceived in more prosperous states. It is by supposing the subjects of such governments actuated with our feelings, desires, and habits, that their condition appears so unhappy. We forget that nature has accommodated the human mind to all the circumstances in which mankind can be placed, under the varied physical and political circumstances of the species, and that instincts and gratifications to us unknown, compensate to them for the want of those enjoyments which to us appear indispensable. The country of Europe where distress appears in its more aggravated form is Ireland; and Persia is the dynasty of the east where desolation and misery have longest prevailed: yet every person who has visited the former country, has observed the uniform cheerfulness and joyous habits of the peasantry; a very competent observer has expressed a doubt, whether the people of Persia do not enjoy life as much as in the more civilised and laborious states of Europe; and the able author, who has demonstrated that it is in the purity of domestic life, and simplicity of manners in the east, that the real antidote to the whole political evils to which they have so long been subjected is to be found, has confidently asserted the opinion, that the average amount of human happiness and virtue is not less in the east than the west. The French peasantry danced and sung in the midst of the political evils which led to the revolution; and even under the horrors of the West Indian slavery, the evening assemblies of the negroes present a specimen of temporary felicity rarely witnessed amidst the freedom or luxury of their oppressors. The freedom from anxiety, the sweetness of momentary gratification, the relaxations from labour which result from the prevalence of habits of improvidence, frequently compensate to the individual for the dear-bought comforts of prosperous life, while suffering loses half its bitterness by never being foreseen, and misfortune half its severity by being speedily forgot. "In peace of mind, and ease of body," says Mr Smith, "all ranks of men are nearly upon a level; and the beggar who suns himself by the highway possesses the security that kings are fighting for."—*Alison's Principles of Population*, 1840.

#### BEGINNING OF ROAD-MAKING.

The infancy of road-making, like that of navigation, must be sought in the infancy of nations. A canoe, hollowed out of the trunk of a tree, was the beginning of ship-building; and an Indian's trail, by which an untutored tribe wend their way, in single files, through forest or grassy glade of boundless extent, is the first germ of a road. Conveyance by a quadruped, which rendered necessary the widening of the trail into a sort of bridle-path, formed most likely the second step in the improvement of itinerancy. Next came the use of carriages; a sledge perhaps first; after that, the cart, or sledge, raised on two wheels, connected by an axle. Then came the double cart, or wagon of four wheels, by which two parallel and transverse axles were connected by a fixed longitudinal one. In principle, no improvement beyond this has been made in the construction of carriages, save the movable joint, which at once, by the facilities it afforded for turning curved lines, dispensed with the necessity of rectilinear roads for large vehicles.—*Wade's British History*.

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